

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
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VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1872.

NO. 29.

Selected Miscellany.

LOIS ACROSS THE SEA.

BY W. W. MALOTT.

Dear one, though many 'round the bow,
And lavish words and smiles,
With fulsome praise and ardent vow,
False arts and flatterer's guiles;
Though doomed by cruel Fate, that parts
My soul from thine for years,
O, give thy smiles to others' hearts,
But keep for me thy tears.

And when among the glittering crowd,
And the festal throng,
Where meet the young, the gay, the proud,
Which dance, and mirth, and song;
Then when fond Love thy heart beguiles,
O, listen glad and free,
And give to others' hearts thy smiles,
But keep thy tears for me.

And when thy friends—like morning dew,
That flees the sun's warm ray—
Have basely fled, and none prove true,
To cheer thy darkening day;
When Fate has cast his keenest darts,
And nought is left that cheers,
If smiles thou giv'st to others' hearts,
O, keep for me thy tears.

When Sorrow's waves around the boat,
All eager for their prey,
And nought shines out from Hope's dim shore
To guide thee on thy way;
When distant seem the "Happy Isles"—
When "whimels" with grief and tears,
Then, if for others' hearts thou'st smiles,
O, give to me thy tears.

Then share thy gloomy hours with me,
Though others share thy mirth,
More blessed boon thy tears shall be
Than aught conferred by earth.
O, blessed thought, that soothes my soul,
And still my heart beguiles,
That "pite of Sorrow's storms" that roll,
Thy tears shall turn to smiles!

THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"You are not going out to walk
again with that Mr. Elleslie, Meta?"
cried Miss Georgiana Tipton, auster-
ly.

"Yes, I am," said Meta Graham,
saucily. "Why shouldn't I?"
"It's very unfeminine to spend
one's time running after the gentle-
men," snapped Miss Georgiana.

"But it's just the other way in
my case, Cousin Georgiana," said
Meta, demurely. "The gentlemen
run after me."

"I shaw!"
"Mr. Elleslie asked me to walk
through the cemetery with him this
afternoon," said Meta, commanding
her temper with admirable equanim-
ity. "I did not ask him."

And away tripped the little las-
sie humming a popular air in the
sane and most fascinating manner
possible.

Georgiana Tipton was seven-and-
thirty and Meta Graham was seven-
teen, consequently it can be easily
comprehended that there was no
great sympathy between the two
cousins. Georgiana was billious and
yellow, exacting an irritable—Meta
fresh and rosy as Aurora's self, with
a temper sweet as a May morning,
and a score of lovers at her feet.
Love was as yet only Meta's play-
thing, but matrimony in the eyes of
Georgiana Tipton was the one so-
rious business of life.

She had made up her mind to
marry Frank Elleslie, albeit that
young "Attorney and Counsellor-at-
law" was ten years younger than
herself, and as both happened to be
sojourning at the same summer ho-
tel, fate for once seemed inclined to
favor her. But when Meta Graham
came down from the city in all the
glittering armor of her golden-haired
beauty, rose and snow complexion
and dimpled smiles, Miss Georgiana
saw at once that her cause was lost.

Frank Elleslie deserted basely
over to the enemy at the first flutter
of those irresistible banners of youth
and beauty; but Georgiana secretly
resolved that if she could not marry
the young lawyer Meta Graham
should not either.

"I'll keep my eye on 'em at all
events," thought Miss Georgiana,
viciously. "The cemetery is as free
for me to walk in as it is for them."

So Miss Tipton hurriedly in-
vested herself in a gray shawl and hood
and took the cross cut over the fields
toward the beautiful Rural Cemetery,
which was the pride and ornament of
all the neighborhood for many miles
around.

"I shall get there first," thought
Miss Georgiana; "for, of course,
they'll dawdle along under the shade
of the trees and be twice as long
as they need to. I've no pa-

tience with such sentimentalism.
But I'll be even with that port little
Meta yet. I'll listen to all their non-
sense, and I'll write such an account
of it to my Uncle Graham that my
young lady will find herself sent for
home the very first she knows. Of
course, they'll go to the Livingdale
monument—there is a green bench
there and an arbor of sweet honey-
suckle, and I can hide just beyond."

Miss Tipton smiled grimly to her-
self as she mentally surveyed this
programme of battle against true
love and poor, pretty little Meta
Graham, whose only tangible offense
was youth and beauty. But when
was the dragon in the fairy tales ever
known to spare the bright-eyed
princess just because her eyes were
bright and her face pure oval.

The sprays of white and buff-blos-
somed honeysuckle were waving
softly about the delicious summer air
as Miss Tipton stole into the green
glade where the exquisitely-carved
statue that surmounted the Living-
dale Monument kept its still, funeral
watch in the liquid gold and odorous
sweetness of the sunshine. It was a
marble tribute to the memory of a
girl who had died young, and whose
features were supposed to be perpetu-
ated in the graceful lines of the stat-
ue. But Miss Georgiana Tipton
had neither time nor attention to
waste on gleaming marble or exqui-
site cutlino now.

Just beyond, a grim old granite
wall seemed to hide itself in the side
slope of a hill, with its iron gate
swinging idly to and fro at the will
of the wind. Georgiana stole into
this vault, shrinking beneath its
damp, sepulchral shadows, as the
sound of footsteps on the green turf
beyond, and the ringing sound of
Meta Graham's laughter, betokened
the near approach of the young lov-
ers.

"A creaked old maid!" pronoun-
ced Mr. Frank Elleslie, not without
emphasis. "So she thinks it is wrong
of you to walk with me, does she?
I'll wager nobody troubles them-
selves to walk with her!"

"But she isn't to blame for being
so old and yellow, and so disagreeable
Frank. She can't help it,"
pleaded Meta, with an innocent tol-
eration, which made Georgiana
Tipton's fingers quiver to box her
pretty little pink ears.

"She can't help being so ill temper-
ed and venomous, I suppose? But
come, Meta dear, don't let us waste
our precious time talking about such
an old vinegar-crust as she is. Sit
down here in the shade of those frag-
rant honeysuckles, and let us enjoy
the sweet air and the bird-songs."

"Oh! cried Meta, with a start,
"what changing noise was that?"
"Only the gate of yonder gray old
vault swinging in the wind," Meta
looked earnestly toward it.

"Oh, Frank, I am sure I saw some-
thing move back there in the shad-
ows!"

"Nonsense, Meta, what could pos-
sibly be there but the dead old bones
of some ancient Dutch bargmaster?"

And Meta could not but join in the
merry laugh at her own childish folly,
and forgot it.

They sat there some ten minutes,
watching the sun go down into the
river below, in a red panoply of
brightness, and to Miss Georgiana's
intense disappointment, saying not a
word of love sick sentiment, such as
she had longed and expected to hear
—and then they rose up, and strolled
away down one of the broad gravel-
led paths that led toward the eastern
gates of the cemetery.

"Pooh!" thought Miss Tipton,
discontentedly. "That wasn't worth
listening for."

But as she essayed to unlatch and
open the iron vaultgate, she discover-
ed, to her dismay, that it was fast.
Some unseen or unsuspected catch in
the iron mechanism of the gate had
caged her safely in the recesses of
the dismal old vault.

In vain she shook the fastenings
—the stone and iron were too firmly
welded together to admit of any tem-
pering with their rivets.

"Dear, dear!" thought Miss Geo-
riana, beginning to tremble all over
with a sense of the very disagreeable
position in which she had placed her-
self. "What shall I do? They can't
have gone far. I'll scream!"

She lifted up her voice, in a small
piping scream—"Help! help!"
But only the rustling of the leaves,
and the piping of the summer insects
replied. She screamed again, this
time at the very top of her voice;
still no answer. And then Miss Ge-
orgiana, forgetting all her strong-
mindedness and self-praise, sank
down, all in a heap, in the corner of
the vault and began to cry piteously.

"It's growing darker every min-
ute!" she whispered, "and I shall
have to stay all night, with the ghosts
and the spiders, and the horrid, hor-
rid dead men's bones. All night! and
to-morrow is Sunday, and the cem-
etery gates will be locked, and who
knows but I shall die with fright
and hunger before I can ever get out
of this hideous place. Oh, dear,
dear! I'll never, never, never listen
again! I'll let Meta marry whom she
likes, and never interfere, if only I
get alive out of this dismal vault.
Why did I come here? Why couldn't
I have minded my own business?
Old Aunt Polly Parks always said I
should come to grief prying into oth-
er people's affairs, and her words
have become gospel—true at last!"

And once more, in a paroxysm of
despair, Miss Georgiana raised her
voice and wailed aloud like the
croakings of a horse voice for help.

Meta Graham, who was pausing at
a little wayside fountain where a
crystal, clear stream of water bubbled
into a marble basin, whose edge was
nearly hidden in blossoming water-
flags and aquatic plants stopped to
listen with the marble cap at her
lips.

"Frank!" she said gravely, "I cer-
tainly do hear something!"

"So do I," said Mr. Elleslie. "I
hear the water dripping into the foun-
tain, and the sound of the wind rush-
ing through the tree tops, and two
blackbirds singing in the hedges!"

"But I hear a human voice, crying
out for help!"

"Nonsense!"
Meta pursed up her lips, and nod-
ded her head.

"Listen for yourself, Frank!" she
urged. "Hark! there it is again!"
"Well it did sound like a voice,"
admitted Mr. Elleslie. "Shall we go
back? Perhaps some one has lost
their way in the winding paths, or,"
and his eyes twinkled mischievously,
"some ghost is crying out for its free-
dom!"

"Oh, Frank, don't talk so!" plead-
ed Meta, clinging nervously to his
arm. "Let us go back at once, and
see what it means!"

And a few minutes only had elap-
sed before Frank and Meta had retrac-
ed their footsteps to the green glade
where the marble statue gleamed
faintly through the darkening twi-
light, and the honeysuckles diffused
their heavy fragrance on the air.

"Why?" ejaculated Meta. "It is
Cousin Georgiana peering out from be-
hind the iron bars like a wild beast
in a cage."

"How on earth came you here,
Miss Tipton?" rather unceremoni-
ously demanded Mr. Elleslie; and
Georgiana, well frightened for her
duplicity, confessed the truth.

Frank burst out laughing—Meta
drew herself up flushed and indig-
nant.

"Under the circumstances," she
said, "I can hardly pity your invol-
untary captivity as much as I might
otherwise do?"

"But I'll never do such a thing
again if you'll only let me out this
time," pleaded Georgiana.

And Mr. Elleslie went for the
gatekeeper and the keys, and before
another half hour had elapsed Geo-
riana Tipton was safe at home, in the
companionship of red lavender, val-
erian and smelling salts! She was
hysterical for a week afterward, but
she dogged the footsteps of the
young lovers no longer!

"It was as bad as being buried
alive," she faltered, whenever—
which was not often—she could
bring herself to allude to the adven-
ture in the cemetery. "And to think
I never heard anything worth listen-
ing to after all!"

A Hindoo Widow Marriage.

The Bombay Gazette has an inter-
esting account of a Hindoo widow
marriage at Ammedabad. When the
suttee, or burning of the widow on the
funeral pile of her dear husband was
abolished by the stern hand of Brit-
ish law, the plan of "starving" in-
stead of burning, was adopted. The
widow, young or old, is compelled,
by Hindoo social law, to wear a cer-
tain dress, to live in retirement, to eat
sparingly, and, in short, make herself
as miserable as she can. Against
this the "reform party" is waging
war. The young woman referred to,
named Jivokre, had charge of a
girls' school at a military village,
where she agreed privately to marry
a young schoolmaster. The mother
of the lady heard of the attempt, and
set watch and ward over her daugh-
ter. The schoolmaster had a plan of
escape; he sent a palanquin to the
village, and made a pretty story as to
his object in connection with some
chief. But the ruse was discovered;
the villagers rose in virtuous indigna-
tion, chased the palanquin men away,
and Jivokre was "closely shaved, cru-
elly tortured," and taken to another
village, where she was put under lock
and chain. The schoolmaster applied
to the magistrate for power to release
her from illegal detention, and even-
tually she was released, and two of
her persecutors were committed for
trial. In the meantime the widow—
she is eighteen years of age—was
married, quietly, the reporter says, so
as to clash with no native prejudice,
but by Brahmin priests, and in the
presence of a large number of the re-
formed party. The business, how-
ever, is probably far from terminated.
The widow, it is said, is heir to mov-
able property worth about £1,500,
and of that she is almost certain to be
plundered. The priests also, who per-
formed the ceremony are threaten-
ed with excommunication.—N. Y.
Observer.

Nouns of Multitude.

A little girl was looking at the pic-
ture of a number of ships, when she
exclaimed, "See what a flock of
ships!" We corrected her by saying
that a flock of ships was a fleet, and
a fleet of sheep was called a flock.
And here we may add, for the ben-
efit of the foreigner who is master-
ing the intricacies of our language in
respect to nouns of multitude, that
a flock of girls is called a bevy, and
a bevy of wolves is called a pack,
and a pack of thieves is called a
gang, and a gang of angels is called
a host, and a host of porpoises is
called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes
is called a herd, and a herd of children
is called a troop, and a troop of par-
tridges is called a covey, and a covey
of beauties is called a galaxy, and
a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde,
and a horde of rubbish is called a heap
and a heap of oxen is called a drove,
and a drove of black guards is called
a mob, and a mob of whales is called
a school, and a school of worshippers
is called a congregation, and a con-
gregation of engineers is called a
band, and a band of locusts is called
a swarm, and a swarm of people is
called a crowd, and a crowd of gen-
tle folks is called the elite, and the
elite of the city's thieves and rascals
are called the roughs, and a miscella-
neous crowd of city folks is called
the community or the public, accord-
ing as they are spoken of by the re-
ligious community or the secular pub-
lic.—Pittman's Magazine.

A Huse to Get a Drum.

The time for school examination
was near at hand, and Freddy's moth-
er promised him a drum if he was
promoted. One day he came home
and said his teacher had agreed to
put two rows of names on the slate,
one row to contain the names of the
boys who were to be promoted, the
other row the names of the bad boys.
Next day he came home and told his
mother his name was on the slate.
He bothered her till she bought the
drum that night. Now Freddy's moth-
er knew that when he had previously
been promoted, he had to get new
books, and have more difficult les-
sons. But Freddy did not ask for
money for books, nor was he advanced
in his studies. One night his
mother said:

"Why, Freddy, I thought when-
ever you were promoted you always
had to get new books, and you've not
asked me for any money."
"I know that," said Fred, "but I
ain't promoted."
"Not promoted? I thought you
said your name was on the slate."
"So it was," said Freddy; "but it
was for being bad."

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

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the inch.
[S] All transient advertising must be
paid for in advance.
[S] Yearly advertisements payable quar-
terly in advance.

Oddandendographs.

What tax hurts nobody?—Taxi-
dermy.

When is a great man not a man?
—When he's a gre(e)ater.

Why is an artist one to be sharply-
looked after?—Because he is a design-
ing man.

Why is a court of justice like a gen-
eral game establishment?—Because it
has an ante-room.

Why is a shrewd manager of a the-
atre like a smart tailor? Because he
takes good measures to secure pat-
ronage.

What is the difference between the
hurried reading of a fast young lady
of the period and the painstaking
reading of a blue stocking? The one
reads for pastime and the other for
the future.

Close Quarters—A washerwoman's
The best inn for a poet—Inspira-
tion.

A high note—One for a thousand
dollars.

The best place in winter—"Be-
tween two fires."

Apaper says—"We have adopted
the eight-hour system in this office.
We commence work at eight o'clock
in the morning and close at eight in
the evening."

A young man in New York has be-
come independently rich by breaking
off marriage engagements objection-
able to his father at \$100 a time.

We hear a great deal about labor
reform, but there seems to be a great-
er need of reforming some of those
fellows who don't labor.

A French widower says, that when
a Frenchman loses his wife, it is at
first a duty to cry over the loss, and
then it becomes a habit and finally a
pleasure.

An inhabitant of a suburban town,
after spending a convivial evening,
was discovered among the carrots and
cabbages of his humble garden, wrap-
ped in slumber.

"Oh, Bill," said an admiring friend,
as he shook the prostrate, "what are
you doing out here?"

"Watching for a hen that's stole
her nest," was the sententious reply.
"But what are your eyes shut for?"
"Don't want the hen to see me,"
gruffly replied the sleeping philoso-
pher.

A young man who went West a
few months ago has sent only one
letter home. It came Friday. It
said, "Send me a wig," and his fond
parents don't know whether he is
scalped or married.

A Louisville man who had only
been acquainted with his girl two
nights, attempted to kiss her at the
gate. In his dying disposition he
told the doctors that just as he "kissed
her the earth slid out from under
his feet, and his soul went out of his
mouth, while his head reached the
stars." Later dispatches show that
what ailed him was the old man's
boot.

A party of gentlemen on Friday
last sat down to dinner, when one of
them, thinking that the fish was for
himself only, put all of it on his
plate, saying: "Gentlemen, this is
a last day with me." On hearing this
a big fellow stooped across the table,
cut the fish into, and called out as he
carried off one-half: "Bad seran-
to ye! I've think nobody has a soul
to be saved but yerself!"

A staid boy, well known in Love
Lane, Brooklyn, went to his employ-
er last Thursday, and after blowing a
number of sonorous blasts on his na-
sal bugle to indicate that he had a
severe cold in his head, exclaimed:

"By golly, boss, dis chile can't go
near de horses no more. I believe
now, fore de Lor', I've got the horse
disease!"
"Jako, you're a fool!" exclaimed
his employer. "Asses are not sub-
ject to that disorder."

A wealthy lady, a prominent mem-
ber of the Episcopal church, desiring
to let a portion of her residence, procur-
ed a printed notice to that effect,
which she covered with maulage,
preparatory to sticking it on the
house. Her attention was unexpect-
edly called to one of her children,
and she hurried off, leaving the no-
tice on the chair. On returning she
forgot all about the notice, and seated
herself on the chair containing the
gummed sheet. When she arose, of
course it adhered to her clothing, in a
very conspicuous place. The day
was Sunday; and an hour later she
attracted considerable attention in
church by strolling up the aisle, with
these words displayed below her
waiste: "The second and third
floors in this building to let. Inquire
within."

Subscribes by the Fair Play.